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POPULAR TALES.

THE DEATH OF WALTER SELBY.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;
Else the proud name of Selby, which gladdened
us long,
Shall pass from the land like the sough of a song.
OLD BALLAD.

Before dame Eleanor Selby had concluded her account of the Spectre Horseman of Soutra-fell, the sun had set, and the twilight, warm, silent, and dewy, had succeeded; that pleasant time between light and dark, in which domestic labor finds a brief remission. The shepherd, returned from hill or moor, spread out his hose, moistened in morass or rivulet, before the hearth fire, which glimmered far and wide, and taking his accustomed seat, sat mute and motionless as a figure of stone. The cows came lowing homewards from the pasture-hills; others feeding out of cribs filled with rich moist clover, yielded their milk into a score of pails; while the ewes folded on the shelter-side of the remote glen, submitted their udders, not without the frequent butt and bleat, to the pressure of maiden's hands. Pastoral verse has not many finer pictures than what it borrows from the shepherd returning from the hill, and the shepherdess from the fold—the former with his pipe and dogs, and the latter with her pail of reeking milk, each singing with a hearty country freedom of voice, and in their own peculiar way, the loves and the joys of a pastoral life. The home of Randal Rode presented a scene of rough plenty, and abounded in pastoral wealth; the head of the house associated with his domestics, and maintained that authority over their words and conduct which belonged to simpler times; and something of the rustic dignity of the master was observable in his men. His daughter, Maudeline, busied herself among the maidens with a meekness and a diligence which had more of the matron than is commonly found in so young a dame. All this escaped not the notice of her old and capricious kinswoman Eleanor Selby; but scenes of homely and domestic joy seemed alien to her heart. The intrusion too of the churlish name of Rode among the mar-

tial Selbys, never failed to darken the picture which she would have enjoyed had this rustic alloy mixed with the precious metal of any other house. It was her chief delight, since all the males of her name had perished, to chaunt ballads in their praise, and relate their deeds, from the time of the Norman invasion down to their final extinction in the last rebellion. Many snatches of these chivalrous ballads are still current on the border—the debateable land of song as well as of the sword—where minstrels sought their themes, and entered, harp in hand, into rivalry—a kind of contest which the sword, the critic's weapon of those days, was often drawn to decide. Much of this stirring and heroic border-life mingles with the traditional tales of Eleanor Selby. Her narratives contain occasionally, a vivid presentment of character and action; and I shall endeavor to preserve something of this, and retain, at the same time, their dramatic cast, while I prune and condense the whole, to render them more acceptable to the impatience of modern readers. She thus pursued her story.

“I am now to tell a tale I have related a thousand times to the noble and the low; it is presented to me in my dreams, for the memory of spilt blood clings to a young mind, and the life's-blood of Walter Selby was no common blood to me. The vision of the spectre horsemen, in which human fate was darkly shadowed forth, passed away, and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning, as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon. Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me, upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, when a horn was winded at a small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult, and we were obliged to go a sinuous course like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and cairn and heathy hill, while the horn continuing to sound, still seemed as far a-head as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon,

large, bright and round, gleamed down from the summit of a green pasture mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow wooded valley, where a small stream glimmered and sparkled in the light, and ran so crooked a course, as compelled us to cross it every hundred yards. Walter Selby now addressed me in his own singular way: ‘Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest: Comest thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a prentice's cap?’ ‘Truly,’ said I, ‘most sage and considerate cousin, I go with thee like an afflicted damosel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and valor may reinstate me in my ancient domains, or else win for me some new and princely inheritance.’ ‘Thou speakest,’ said the youth, ‘like one humble in hope, and puttest thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel, my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into reliefs five or six regiments of dragoons, nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee, most discreet coz, to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off; for we go on a journey of no small peril.’ To these sensible and considerate words, I answered nothing, but rode on, looking, all the while, Walter Selby in the face, and endeavoring to say something witty or wise. He resumed his converse: ‘Nay, nay, mine own sweet and gentle cousin, my sweet Eleanor, I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation,’ and our horses' heads and our cheeks came closer as he spoke. ‘That ballad of the pedlar, for pedlar shall the knight be still, to oblige thee, his ballad told more truth than I reckoned a minstrel might infuse into verse. All the border cavaliers of England and Scotland are near us, or with us, and now for the game of coronets and crowns, a coffin, coz, or an earl's bauble; for we march upon Preston.’ Prepared as I was for these tidings, I could not hear them

without emotion, and I looked with an eye on Walter Selby that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism. I could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed; and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside me, pressed on my heart. 'Now do not be afraid of our success, my fair coz,' said he, 'when all the proud names of the border—names thou hast so long since learned by heart, and rendered musical by repeating them; we add the names of two most wise and prudent persons, who shall hereafter be called the setters-up and pluckers-down of kings, even thy cool and chivalrous cousin, and a certain staid and sedate errant damosel.' This conversation obtained for us the attention of several strangers, cavaliers who happened to join us as, when emerging from the woody glen, we entered upon a green wide moor or common. One of them with a short coat and a slouched hat, and heron's feather, rode up to my right hand, and glancing his eye on our faces, thus addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted, but antique style: 'Fair lady, there be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain, about the full of the moon. The cause that soils one of these bright tresses in dew, must be a cause dear to man's heart; and fair one, if thou wilt permit me to ride by thy bridle-rein, my presence may restrain sundry flouts and jests which young cavaliers, somewhat scant of grace and courtesy, and there be such in our company, may use, on seeing a lady so fair and so young, bowne on such a dangerous and unwonted journey.' I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed with a smile, 'I had the protection of a young person who would feel pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task.' 'And, fair lady,' continued he, 'if Walter Selby be thy protector, my labor will be the less.' My cousin, who during this conversation had rode silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honor at your side instead of the pedlar's staff; accept, therefore, my hand, and be assured that a Selby—as hot and proud as the lordliest of his ancestors, feels honored in thus touching

in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman.' I felt much pleased with this adventure, and looked on the person of the stalwart borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp of Walter Selby: he had a brow serene and high, an eye of sedate resolution, and something of an ironic wit lurking amid the wrinkles which age and thought had engraven on his face. I never saw so complete a transformation; and could hardly credit, that the bold martial looking, and courteous cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and chattered with the peasants of Cumberland about the price of ends of ribbon and two-penny trinkets. He seemed to understand my thoughts, and thus resolved the riddle in a whisper: 'Fair lady, these be not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound of horn, and banner displayed, summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the guise of a calling, low it is true, but honorable in its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers, than some who ride beneath an earl's pennon.'

"Our party, during this nocturnal march, had been insensibly augmented, and when the gray day came, I could count about three hundred horsemen, young, well-mounted, and well-armed, some giving vent to their spirit or their feeling in martial songs; others examining and proving the merits of their swords and pistols, and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown pastures of the moorlands, we descended into an open and cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital. It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly convalescent with himself; wrapped, or rather shrouded in a gray mantle or plaid, and all the while looking stedfastly at me from under the remains of a broad slouched hat. I had something like a dreamer's recollection of his looks; but he soon added his voice, to assist my recollection, and I shall never forget the verses the old man chaunted with a broken and melancholy, and I think I may add, prophetic voice:

OH! PRESTON, PROUD PRESTON.

Oh! Preston, proud Preston, come hearken the cry
Of spilt blood against thee, it sounds to the sky:
Thy richness a prey to the spoiler is doomed,
Thy homes to the flame, to be smote and consumed;

Thy sage with gray locks, and thy dame with the
brown
Descending long tresses, and grass-sweeping gown,
Shall shriek, when there's none for to help them:
the hour
Of thy fall is not nigh, but it's certain and sure.
Proud Preston, come humble thy haughtiness—
weep,
Cry aloud—for the sword it shall come in thy
sleep.

What deed have I done—that thou lift'st thus thy
cry,
Thou bard of ill omen, and doom'st me to die?
What deed have I done, thus to forfeit the trust
In high heaven, and go to destruction and dust?
My matrons are chaste, and my daughters are
fair;
Where the battle is hottest my sword's shining
there;
And my sons bow their heads, and are on their
knees kneeling,
When the prayer is pour'd forth, and the organ
is pealing:
What harm have I wrought, and to whom offered
wrong,
That thou comest against me with shout and with
song?

What harm hast thou wrought! list and hearken
—the hour
Of revenge may be late, but it's certain and sure.
As the flower to the field, and the leaf to the tree,
So sure is the time of destruction to thee.
What harm hast thou wrought! naughty Preston
now hear—
Thou hast whetted against us the brand and the
spear;
And thy steeds through our ranks rush, all foam-
ing and hot,
And I hear thy horns sound, and the knell of thy
shot:
The seal of stern judgment is fixed on thy fate,
When the life's blood of Selby is spilt at thy gate.

Oh! Selby, brave Selby, no more thy sword's
braving
The foes of thy prince, when thy pennon is waving,
The Gordon shall guide and shall rule in the land;
The Boyd yet shall battle with buckler and brand;
The Maxwell's shall live, though diminish'd their
sine,
And the Scots in bard's song shall be all but di-
vine;
Even Forster of Derwent shall breathe for a time,
Ere his name it has sunk to a sound and a rhyme;
But the horn of the Selby's has blown its last blast,
And the star of their names from the firmament
cast.

"I dropped the bridle from my hand, and all the green expanse of dale and hill grew dim before me. The voice of the old man had for some time ceased, before I had courage to look about, and I immediately recognized in the person of the minstrel an old and faithful soldier of my father's, whose gift at song, rude and untutored as it was, had obtained him some estimation on the border, where the strong lively imagery and familiar diction, of the old ballads still maintain their ground against the classic elegance and melody of modern verse. I drew back a little, and shaking the old man by the hand, said, 'Many years have passed,

Harper Hraberson, since I listened to thy minstrel skill at Lanercost; and I thought thou hadst gone, and I should never see thee again. Thy song has lost some of its ancient grace and military glee since thou leftest my father's hall.' 'Deed, my bonnie lady,' said the borderer, with a voice suppressed and melancholy, while something of his ancient smile brightened his face for a moment, 'sangs of sorrow and dule have been rifer with me than ballads of merriment and mirth. It's long now since I rode, and fought by my gallant master's side, when the battle waxed fierce and desperate; and my foot is not so firm in the stirrup now, nor my hand sae steeve at the steel, as it was in those blessed and heroic days. It's altered days with Harper Hraberson, since he harped afore the nobles of the north, in the home of the gallant Selbys and won the cup of gold. I heard that my bonnie lady, and her cousin were on horseback; so I e'en put my old frail body on a frail horse, to follow where I cannot lead. It's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again; and it's better for an auld man to fall with the sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave and the young, and the noble, than beg his bread from door to door, enduring the scoff and scorn of the vulgar and sordid, and be found, some winter morning, strecked stiff and dead, on a hassoc of straw in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride off, and see the last of a noble and a hopeless cause.' He drew his hat over his brow; while I endeavored to cheer him by describing the numbers, resources and strength of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than the firm belief, when I assured him 'there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the gray hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness and glory to the grave.' He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe for a moment, against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn—it was but for a moment. 'Deed no, 'deed no, my bonnie lady, it canna—canna be; glad would I credit the tale that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to such a pleasant thought. It was not for nought that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra-side last night, where living horsemen could never urge a steed; and that the forms and semblances of living men were visible to me in this fearful pro-

cession. Nor was it for nought that my grandfather old minstrel Haberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp, for his harp and he were never parted; his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue uttered unwilling words, words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words; they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;
To follow no banner that comes from the flood,
To march no more southward to battle and blood.
League not with Dalzell; no, nor seek to be fording
The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon—

To a Forster's word draw nor bridle nor glaive;
Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—

And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,
While eagles love Skiddaw, and soldiers love glory.

"These are the words of my ancestor, what must be must; I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston." As he uttered these words he mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

[To be Continued.]

LITERARY.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"This is likely to be a sort of rambling article,—quite chatty-chatty and off-hand;—the best sort of leading article, perhaps, after all, now there are so many Magazines at work all over the island." *Blackw. Mag.*

O, imitatores, servum pecus; ut mihi saepe
Bilem, saepe jocum, vestri movere tumultus.

Id. apud Hor.

"Quos (to wit, the aforesaid Imitatores, Magazines, and Co.) Ego!" *Id. apud Virg.*

"The Trumpeter, taking the ears of the company with a stout oath, entered upon his story as follows." *From a MS. Tale.*

Puffing is our decided aversion—chiefly from certain notions we entertain of self-respect—and not a little from the antipathy which stirs within us to the cuffs we might be called upon to endure in conflict with that shadow of the mighty dead, which is oft-times seen, by night, haunting the scenes about Tilbury Fort. Yet truth, we are told, is a fine thing and will prevail; to give it "all breath," therefore, is no puff in the evil sense; and we may assert,—without fear from smiles, or dread from contradiction, that there are "some good hands" among our contributors; which if any one of our readers doubt, after a due perusal of our numbers, why, then,—as

our peer-poet has it, we are sorry for him and ourselves too. For our own parts, a most perfect agreement in this respect, with some few thousands of our countrymen, has put us in such good humour, that we should be for issuing, hereby, a direct Edict of editorial eulogy, but for those confounded initials, "of blackest midnight born," whose very birth and essence are mystery. To one who has not shrouded himself in the filmy veil of a misleading letter,—we mean the gentleman who introduced us, in our early day, to the sylvan muse of JOHN CLARE, we are assured that many a gentle reader joins us in sentiments of thanks. In letters which make up a name like his, there is something tangible; some groundwork, as it were, for eulogy, which one vainly seeks in the meagreness of A. B. or Q. or X. Y. Z. And, in good truth, there is yet another (to say nothing just at present, of our double-faced dealer in "SENTIMENTALITIES," who has vouchsafed to us both his "patronymic and sponsorial appellations:"—we mean BONMOT,—that queer fellow Bonmot,—who, by fixing his name without disguise to one of his things in our first, has enabled us to stretch out the right hand of fellowship in full assurance of identity, and to say,—we desire more of your acquaintance, good master Egomet! Since his bouncing introduction of HIMSELF, we have grown familiar-ish together; and, truth to say, he is the strangest medley, the maddest wag it was ever our fate to cope withal! It is not known in what a variety of shapes he has been figuring away through our pages. Every thing by fits, and nothing long, he changes about—not with the phases of the moon, but the minutes on the clock; and one revolving hour shall find him critic, fiddler, poet, and buffoon. *He c'annot last long.* We are something like adepts in diagnostics, and repeat that he cannot last long. The *materiel* must wear out with the friction of such violent changes. Who can be wise, frolicsome, temperate, furious, tragical, comical, helter-skelter—onething down and another come on, in a moment, without damage? No man! And yet such is Bonmot; though he certainly does afford one specimen of immutability, in that perfectly semper-identical display of idiosyncratic *egotism* which runs through and leavens all his varieties. *Cœnat,—propinat,—poscit,—negat,—annuit,—unuscit* BONMOT,—*si non sit* BONMOT, *mutus erit*: and we are much mistaken if this system of self-centering does not speedily throw every rival of the same stock into the shade. Nay,

we should not be at all surprised to find the very folly itself starting at the hyperbolic reflection of its own image, and retiring abashed, with all its trumpery, into that hubbub of vanity, from whence it first came to visit us, "not a blessing but a curse." * * *

After giving "local habitation," to the above wise saw, we laid down our pen,—and, what with a sort of mental gossiping on our friend's oddities, and what with other matters that floated across our mind, we were getting into that state of thinking, in which reverie begins to encroach upon the confines of drowsiness,—while, according to that description of gloomy presentiment so finely touched off in *Ivanhoe*, we were experiencing the indefinable consciousness of a coming evil darkening upon our mind like a cloud upon a sunny landscape.—When,—thump! rat, tat, thump, thump! a thundering knock at the door:—(we love to be particular in these matters: our own rap, for instance, borrows its tone from the first bar in the overture to *Lodoiska*)—It was a knock, us thought, familiar to our ears, and, accordingly, who should burst in upon our solitude, but the identical Bonmot. In an instant all was storm. He was every thing, and every thing was he! He trips in with the air of a dancing master; kicks up a dust by clearing the middle of our room of books, which were lying about in all the delightful confusion—the very *lucidus ordo*, of an author's room; and, instead of discoursing upon the old Pyrrhic, or the Romæ, insists upon giving our gravity, (volens volens,) a lesson in the last new quadrille, fresh from Almacks!

Well, dancing over, down he sat; and, putting on the rigid brow of an Aristarchus, "come," said he, "now for something serious;" with that, slap-dashing into the thickest of any question that started itself,—PHILOSOPHY, MORALS, METAPHYSICS, BOTANY, COOKERY, were all despatched in no time: now he was up, now he was down: now Saturn had the ascendant, now Mercury: but, as it is more difficult to say what he did *not* attack, than what he did, let it suffice that very few of the *ANAS* or *OLOGIES* escaped; no, not even theology, nor (maugre all the wise heads of Auld Reekie) *Boriana* itself. In the latter science, indeed, he satisfied our doubt as to the precise meaning of *putting a head into chancery*, by a practical lesson, which most sensibly assured us that he had it at his finger's ends. He had no sooner done with gymnastics, than, as if willing to allow us what he denied himself, a moment's breath-

ing time, he began shouting at the top of a voice, which seemed the very soul of social mirth and good-fellowship, the first of "*Plutus* *Bacchus*:" then, his countenance suddenly subsiding into sadness, he flung himself into a tragedy attitude, and fell to reciting some verses which he assured us he had *devoat* the night before: they were "ON DEATH," and, sure, never were lines more grave-like and dolorous! There was, of course, the raven flapping his ominous wing against the window of the death-chamber: there were hatchments that rattled, and black banners that waved in the sullen blast of a wintry eve. But death itself could not tame him, for, in an instant, diving into his pocket, as if nothing was too trifling for the curious grasp of his mind, he fished up a *musical snuff-box*, and, setting it to the liveliest of all French airs, he began to accompany the strain on a *Jew's-harp*, an instrument he had just bought, and of which, he said, he had made himself a proficient by a lesson taken as he came along. The tune, however, proved too long for the quips and cranks of our friend's disposition; for, before it had gone through half its measure of pigmy sweetness, he thrust the box into his pocket, and then his fancy seemed mightily tickled at the tiny, smothered sounds of the imprisoned musician's voice, as it struggled out through the mufflings of bandanas and broadcloth. At this, the alcmie of his mind soon dropped forth *Tasso* and *Ferrara*; and then, with a gradation rather less Zenith and Nadir than usual, he began to spout, "*Eternal spirit of the chainless mind, brightest in dungeons, Liberty, art thou*." He was about six lines on when he stopped short: "ha! true, that reminds me of MY NEW BOOK: here it is! Just going to publish." So, unrolling a small manuscript which he held in his hand, he read in a tone of elation and display,

"A CENTURY OF GOOD THINGS;

Or,
Thoughts of

EGOMET BONMOT, ESQ.

Striking, eh? But, come, I'll read you a bit, and, first of all, (list, list, oh, list) to a list of title pages: for, as I despatch each one of my hundred good things in two pages and a half, or so—distinct title-pages (with vignettes, you know,) will help to give my book a bulk as respectable as its contents are important. Now gather and surmise."

Thoughts.—ON SONNET-WRITING; with a choice collection of skeletons for young beginners; being an improvement upon the principle of the French *Bouts-rimes*; by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—NICH-ANTEDILUVIANÆ, with the *Ophic* and *Simia-cercopithecan* controversy; or Snake versus Ape, and Monkey versus both; the whole illustrated with specimens of the weapons used in the conflict, collected on the spot; by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—ON WIT AND HUMOR: the distinctive differences of each shewn by examples drawn from the works of Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—ON THE PROPHECIES OF THE CUMMEAN SIEVE; proving by irrefragable argument that the entire meaning of the six rolls, originally burnt for want of a purchaser, has been discovered by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE BART, wherein our national descent is satisfactorily traced from the great grandson of *Aeneas*; and, thence, conclusions drawn in favor of Catholic Emancipation; by Egomet Bonmot.

"Now, I am one of that stock," said he, resting a moment: "my family-name, left untouched by the Saxons, became Bonmot at the Norman conquest. Before that time it was *Ardyl-bradd*; a name (or one very like it) borrowed by Taliessin, to shed the lustre of its bright associations on his Oracle of Varieties. But, allons!"

Thoughts.—More particularly on MYSELF; by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—On certain tendencies to the abolition of the SLAVE-TRADE, in the extraction of sugar, for the home consumption, from the Irish Lalla-root. It is the peculiar property of this root to sustain so little injury from pressure, as to be immediately after in a fit state for the absorption of fresh saccharine matter. By Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—On the tragedy of "PLAYWRIGHTS VERSUS POETS," now performing nightly at the Theatres Royal, in solemn silence; with a natural digression to the evils of a paper currency, and hints for the resumption of cash payments: the whole to conclude with specimens of a true tragic and comic style, in a series of scenes; written by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—On our treatment of BURNS, contrasted with the mode pursued by the Scandinavians with regard to their Skalds: the result altogether in favor of the hyperborean method. With an appendix, containing ideas on the most approved means of smothering the fire of genius in a whiskey-sill: and a treatise on the *Art of Punning*; the examples taken from the stores of Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—ON PROLEGOMENOUS VARIETIES; with a collection of prefaces, prologues, et cetera, readily adapted for any poem, tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce, that has been, is now being, or shall hereafter be written, in *sacula seculorum*; by Egomet Bonmot.

How long he might have gone on at this rate, and whether he would have given over till the end of the "century," heaven only knows: but at this moment the *devil*

(what a relief!) rapped at the door with a *proof*, and thus gave a new turn to our *thoughtful* friend's fancy. "Apropos, room for *me* of course in your next." Then out he lugged, from an inside pocket, a huge packet, filled, as we imagined from his present mood, with all that was pleasant and sprightly—fit for the goddess frank and free, she yeled Euphrosyne. "Sprightly!" echoed Bonmot: "Euphrosyne! bless your laughter-loving soul, (*our* laughter-loving soul!) no such thing; *grave*, my dear sir—very grave (making two distinct syllables of the word *ve-ry*—sensible and sedate: fun is very well in its way, but, to reverse the old saying, Apollo's bow must not be always *unbent*: you must therefore absolutely print these—let me see how many, sheets? one, two, three, um—um—eleven—only eleven sheets of remarks, made by a dear and bosom friend of mine, upon a drama taken by another dear and bosom friend of mine, but with manifold most judicious alterations, from a very curious Dutch work, written by Mynher Hatteraik," (nearly related, we believe, to Dirk of that name) "but not yet known in this country. There, there it is; and there also (laying his own volume upon our writing desk) there's my collection of choice thoughts; you may offer it to your friend Baldwin—it will finish his fortune. Good morning, I am almost too late; engaged to meet some *prime* coves of the fancy at twelve; then to the Fives Court; must be at the Royal Institution by half past two; take my twentieth peep at Haydon's Picture in my way back; letters to Belzoni till five; dinner *chez moi* with the little philosopher and the doctor at six; don our azure hose for the Lady Cerulea Lazuli's *Conversazione*, at half past nine; opera, applaud Milanie, and sup with the Corinthians in St. James-square at two Sunday morning: good bye, hope to see you at church to-morrow, if up in time, or meet ye at Sir Joseph's at night; good bye, won't forget my hundred good things? Pray, print my friend's remarks:—and" exit Bonmot!

Was there ever such a creature! But now for his friend, and his friend's friend, let us see what heaven has sent us. "Remarks on Jan Hatteraik's obstreperous tragedy, called *DONNER AND BLITZEN*, with citations from a manuscript English drama founded thereon, but, with sundry alterations and manifest improvements." *Nos- citur a sociis!* This is *certainly* a friend of Bonmot's; so, we'll try what can be done by some abridgments in the threaten-

ed number of "grave, sensible and sedate sheets."

* * * * *

But here we find ourselves in a dilemma: our pen has been scratching on, (Editor's-like) at such a rate, that we have not room enough left for the said sheets, nor even for their abridgment. We must absolutely give up the insertion this month; for never be it said that we of *The London* were the first to set the pernicious example to our brethren of giving up the space occupied by a single paragraph of our own, for the most sparkling production of another. No, no, that would indeed be heresy. Another month we'll see what can be done.

It just now happens to strike us that Addison says somewhere, (at least, we think 'tis Addison, but our "chitty-chatty" mood takes away the inclination to get up and look: therefore Addison says somewhere) that a lady seldom writes her real sentiments till she comes to her *Postscript*. Now it may be the same, for aught we know, in the case before us: so, with a hop, skip, and a jump, (like Milton's devil, when, high o'erleaping all bound, he scorned to touch with his feet the lovely freshness of the verdurous banks of paradise) we find ourselves passing over a thousand beauties, and at once pitching in upon a postscript, appended to the remarks in question. 'Tis a note from Bonmot, in which he gives us to understand, that, besides critiques on most subjects under the sun, he has in his possession a most voluminous collection of matter, fit for furnishing up articles quite as good as the foregoing (criticism that was to be) even till doomsday: that he has, by him, large bundles of such riddles, charades, and rebuses, as might throw the most legitimate descendants of *Edipus* into the jaws of the sphinx; to say nothing of whole albums filled with *Bijouterie* in the various settings of ode, elegy, sonnet, epigram, &c. In answer to all which promise, we shall not fail to impress upon him that there will be ample space and verge enough in these our monthly columns to "air his jewels," whenever he pleases: so that the public (that is to say our public) may judge to what riches their support of our magazine will infallibly lead! What can be more delicious than being amused till doomsday with every subject under the sun? What a ransack of treasures! Another *Boccaccio*, with a thousand days instead of ten, were a mere drop in the ocean to such draughts of "potable gold."

COROLLARY.

And now, reader of *MINE*; wert thou admitted, for a moment, within the veil of mystery, among the puppets of a magazine, thou wouldst learn, that it is not an *unknown* thing for authors to criticise their own works; wherefore, I Egomet Bonmot, Esq. do agnise, as the offspring of mine own proper quill, every atom, prose and poetry, drama and criticism, wisdom and witticism, which thou hast now been reading with so much delight. I make this revelation for the sake of candor, not as a wonder; for hath not my letter in *January's* magazine, which also gave thee pleasure, already intimated that, be the subject what it may, or whatever character, whether tragical or farcical, editorial or contributorial, like *Plautus* or *Seneca*—*Tus Tyriusve*—or, as *Liston* says, with his own whimsical and unimitated look of conscious absurdity, "short cut or long," to EE 'tis all the same.

Furthermore, and finally, I hereby record my sincere conviction, that had the preceding pages been no less poetical than they are purely flitious, the *Stagyrite* himself would have hailed me as his fellow. There is to be seen in them the requisite beginning, middle, and end; yea, what is more Aristotle than Aristotle, these three important divisions are, one and all, congruously amalgamated with the very perfection of unity: my sole object, from first to last, having been to lay open the most approved method of treating that noble science, described by the two syllables which stand at the very thresh-hold of this article (pray look back; you will find them there,) making up the same word which has been echoing throughout, and with which I shall now very consistently conclude, namely—*Puffing!*

N. B. Dispatched, by the highflyer, from my lodging in the hotel d'Ubique, No. 1, Ruelle Quiz, Tarbe, Gascony, where I am, just now, for the benefit of *the air*, this — day of —. LON. MAG.

POETRY.

ANTIQUITY.

Antiquity! thou dark sublime!
Though Mystery wakes thy song,
Thou dateless child of hoary Time,
Thy name shall linger long!
In vain Age bares Destruction's arm
To blight thy strength and fame;
Learning still keeps thy embers warm,
And kindles them to flame.

Nay, Learning's self may turn to dust,
And Ignorance again
May leave its glimmering lamp to rust;

Aniquity shall reign !
Creation's self thy date shall be,
And Earth's age be as thine ;
The Sun and Moon are types of thee,
Nor shall they longer shine.

Though Time may o'er thy memory leap,
And ruin's frowns encroach ;
Eternity shall start from sleep
To hear thy near approach.
Though bounds are for thy station set,
Still, ere thy bounds are past,
Thy fame with Time shall struggle yet,
And die with Time the last.

When'er I walk where thou hast been,
And still art doomed to be,
Reflection wakens at the scene,
As at eternity ;
To think what days in millions by
Have bade suns rise and set,
O'er thy unwearied gazing eye,
And left thee looking yet !

While those that raised thy early fame
With Hope's persisting hand,
During as marble left thy name,
And graved their own on sand ;
That same sun did its smiles impart,
In that same spreading sky,
When thou wert left, and here thou art,
Like one that cannot die

On the first page that time unfurled,
Thy childhood did appear,
And now thy volume is the world,
And thou art—every where.
Each leaf is filled with many a doom
Of kingdoms past away,
Where tyrant Power in little room
Records its own decay.

Thy Roman fame o'er England still
Swells many a lingering scar,
Where Caesars led, with conquering skill,
Their legions on to war :
And camps and stations still abide
On many a sloping hill :
Though Time hath done its all to hide,
Thy presence guards them still.

The moss that crowns the mountain stone,
The grass that greens the plain,
All love to make thy haunts their own,
And with thy steps remain.
And ivy, as thy lasting bower,
In gloomy grandeur creeps,
And, careless of life's passing hour,
Its endless summer keeps.

I walk with thee my native plains,
As in a nobler clime,
Rapt where thy memory still remains,
Disciple unto Time.
Whose foot in ruins crush'd Power's fame,
And left his print behind,
Till Time, the enemy of Power,
Their fate to thee resign'd.

And 'neath thy care, in mists sublime,
They reign and linger still ;
Though ivy finds no wall to to climb,
Grass crowns each swelling hill ;
Where slumbering Time will often find,
His rebel deeds again,
And turn a wondering look behind
To see them still remain.

Thus through the past thy name appears,
All hoary and sublime,
Unburied in the grave of years,
To run its race with Time ;
While some, as sun-beams gild the brook,
Shine till a cloud comes on,
And then, ere Time a stride hath took,
Their name and all is gone.

Temple and tower of mighty name,
And monumental bust,
Neglect the errands of their fame,
And mingle with the dust :
The clouds of ruin soon efface
What pride hath told in vain ;
But still thy genius haunts the place,
And long thy steps remain.

Lorn Silence o'er their mystery dreams,
And round them Nature blooms
Sad, as a May-flower's dwelling seems
With solitary tombs !
'Round where their buried memory sleeps
Spring spreads its dewy sky,
In tender mood, as one that weeps
Life's faded majesty.

Time's frost may crumble stubborn towers,
Fame once believed its own ;
Thou still art reigning past his powers,
And Ruin builds thy throne :
When all is past, the very ground
Is sacred unto thee ;
When dust and weeds hide all around,
That dust thy home shall be.

A SAILOR'S FUNERAL AT SEA.

He is not where his fathers lie,
He sleeps not where they sleep—
His name is a wreck of memory,
His dwelling-place the deep—
Down mid unfathom'd gulfs he lies,
And ocean's unvail'd mysteries.

For he is gone, where cave and hall
With coral garnished,
And darkness for their funeral pall,
Receive the ocean dead,
Where the sea-monsters have their home,
But men and sunbeams never come.

Gray was the dawn, and not a braid
Curl'd on the billows brow,
While on the deck the prayer was said,
And he was cast below,
Into the waveless glistening sea,
That closed above him tranquilly.

We watch'd the circles on the wave
The dreary plunge had given,
And saw it widen o'er his grave,
And pass away where heaven
Met the smooth waters' darker blue
And blended their ethereal hue.

They wrapped no shroud his limbs around,
No bier sustain'd his form ;
About the corse its bed they bound,
Which oft, in calm and storm,
The slumberer and the dreamer bore,
Who now shall dream and wake no more.

Sicken'd and sad we turn'd away
From the sad sight of gloom :
The solitude of sea that day
Seem'd but one mighty tomb,
Burying all thoughts but thoughts of woe—
Asking who next should plunge below !

LORD WILLIAM.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Lord William has leapt from his bonnie brown
Down among Lincluden broom, [stead,
Has cast his gold belt, and his broad battle-blade,
His helmet, and heron plume.
The red sun was sinking behind the green hill,
As he walked the wild groves among,
And there came a fair maiden gathering the flowers,
And listening the dittle birds' song.

Her dark curling ringlets were shower'd o'er a neck
More white than the neck of a swan ;
The life she pluck'd grew more proud of her breast
Than it was of its native lawn.
Unadorn'd was her loveliness, save where the dew
New fallen 'mong her temple locks hung ;
She look'd up and saw him—then rosted she stood
Like a flow'r in a wilderness sprung.

"O give me one kiss, and thy white dewy feet
I will lace up in silver soled shoon,
And gold shall thy neck and thy curling locks grace.
As we stray in the light of the moon ;
For far have I wander'd o'er ocean and plain,
By city, and fountain, and tree ;
But so bonnie a maiden, o'er all the wide earth,
Mine eyes never gladden'd to see."

She turn'd her eyes from him, and hung down her
As a rose when it stoops in the dew : [head,
By the sweep of her arm, and the wave of her hand,
And her eyes that a darker light threw,
He knew his true love : through the flow'r beds he
In her ear some soft story to say— [sprung,
And the small birds sung loud, and the morning
sun shone,
Ere the kind maiden wish'd him away.

THE ROSES.

Translated from the Dutch of Bilderdyk.

I saw them once blowing
Whilst morning was glowing,
But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er the
For 'tis time to play on, [ground,
For 'tis time to play on,
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd
With dew-drops were nourish'd,
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are now banish'd,
Their fragrance all vanish'd,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw too, whole races
Of glories and graces,
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay;
And smiling and gladness
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joys light-hearted dances,
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born:
And Pleasure's best dower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded, [lone:
Our strength disappears—we are helpless and
No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us,
Life's spirit is wasted and darkness comes on.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

The honorable and uncorrupted portion of society ever look with contempt and disgust upon the foul calumniator of the living, and must naturally shrink with horror when the tomb is approached, and the ashes of the dead raked up to narrow the feelings of the half-distracted widow and weeping offspring of a noble being, on whose brow was stamped the outlines of a great soul, and who lived but to serve his country and do it honor in his every act. Such is the ill-starred fate of the manes of one whom we all delighted to honor in life and are yet lamenting in death. He is scarcely cold in the earth, when a Shylock demands his pound of flesh, and will carve it from the bosom of sorrow, in payment of a bond of most novel character—a political bond; the deep and ignoble gratification that a cold-hearted man exacts through the columns of a newspaper to satiate the unrelenting appetites of a few hungry politicians, and pitiful revenge for having been made to write under the powerful pen, wielded by the being whose memory is sought to be blasted and yet equally despicable pleasure of awakening fresh horrors in the families of unfortunate persons who have either fallen a sacrifice to their idol speculation or to the fury of public opinion, which too often bursts forth on slight suspicion, and hurls destruction upon the heads of good as well as bad. Read this posthumous record:

Election of Mayor.—The Common Council has elected Mr. Paulding, the late mayor, in place of Mr. Hone. Our readers will recollect that last year a great effort was made to elect the late Judge Van Ness, and many was induced to support him from a confidence in his talents and

from the more liberal consideration that he wanted the salary. Apprehensions however were excited by the fact, that Judge Van Ness was pushed violently for that office by a set of men whose conduct has been lately impugned in certain moneyed transactions, and some fears were entertained that the election of Judge Van Ness would be the precursor to the removal of the comptroller and chamberlain which would place the finances of this great city in hands not calculated to insure safety or promote confidence.

We know not the motives of the supporters of our departed friend, for we never trouble ourselves with political affairs, but have no right to presume they meant ought else than the honor and general good of our city. We do know however, and common sense teaches to all the self-evident truth, that the above unfeeling insinuations are without the least foundation, and only intended to gratify a general propensity for slander, and to seek revenge on a few persons who professed friendship for Judge Van Ness, and have fallen from their places and had the misfortune to suffer the displeasure of the writer of the calumny. If we thought it necessary here, we would point out a large portion of our respectable and influential citizens, that would have been highly gratified with the advancement of Judge Van Ness to the chief magistracy of the city; but his memory is too firmly planted in the affections of the people to require such aid, and no man else than the editor of the Enquirer has the hardihood to assert he thought the finances of the city would be endangered under his administration. No man even thought it. Ali had confidence in the unshaken integrity and firm heart of the enlightened jurist who was proposed to be their head.

We close, regretting that it has been necessary to say so much upon this subject; but when our confidence is sought to be impaired in the memory of a man we were proud to honor, we must be permitted to manifest that disgust which we feel for the fellow creature who contemptuously tramples upon the sacred vault of departed worth.

Mr. Kean.—There is a report abroad, that Mr. Kean, the tragedian, died at sea, eight days out, on board the *Silas Richards*, from New-York to Liverpool. Till this is confirmed, we will not write an eulogy on this celebrated actor, for we hope there is no truth in the rumour, though the state of health in which Mr. Kean left this country, renders it not at all improbable.

Proclamation.—Whereas, we, *Friendship, Love and Truth*, have lately, during the day, but more especially during the night, been most scandalously used and abused, by men, as well as women, who, as the world goes, pass for honest and fashionable, without the least provocation from us, or seeming advantage to them; and Whereas, many of the inhabitants of our city, have our names constantly on their tongues, and openly profess the utmost reverence for us, yet in their

hearts, and secretly in their deeds, vilify our names and characters: and Whereas, we, *Friendship, Love, and Truth*, being unwilling to deprive this city of our invaluable companionship, hereby call upon all respectable citizens, who are favorably disposed towards us and respect the dignity of our characters, to bring immediately to condign punishment, all evil disposed persons, by whom we have been so unjustly assaulted. And Whereas, all those, who have hitherto been our friends, are strongly cautioned to continue in amity, else our waked wrath will fall with vengeance on their heads.

And Whereas, if the terms of this proclamation, are not complied with in six months, from the date hereof, we, *Friendship, Love, and Truth* will leave this city, ourselves, and all that pertain to us, and never more be seen within the jurisdiction thereof.

Given under our hands and seal, this first (L. S.) day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

God save the city.

her
FRIENDSHIP.
mark.
LOVE.
TRUTH.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

Those people who cloister themselves up and study the writings of ancient authors, are ignorant of their own times, and especially of human nature. In books, there is little else to be found, than the matured ideas of their authors, devoid of all the petty foibles of their natures. There are two kinds of knowledge, one obtained in the study, one in the crowded world; or in other words, one from reading books, the other from observing mankind: a deep knowledge of either, will make a man wise, but he only is truly wise, who has studied both.

He who confines himself to the study, may write a history of ancient times, or commentaries on black letter authors—but he only who studies human nature can write works of fiction. None can write a really good drama, without a deep knowledge of mankind.

This is a strange world, when money is the only aristocracy: indeed wealth is the purest virtue, and the brightest mind. Give a man wealth, and he will find flatterers, who will tell him, he has every qualification that ever added to the dignity of human nature.

The rainbow fades, if an envious cloud scarf the sun; but the next ray, gives heaven's promise as bright a hue and as beautiful a curve as ever; by a single breath of misfortune, a boundless fortune is wrested from its proud possessor: where are his flatterers then? Where his virtue, where his cultivated mind, and all the dignity of the body? Gone with his wealth! Could the rich man be really convinced of this, how different would be the feeling of his heart; but human nature is

credulous and weak, and too often takes the semblance for the reality.

The sun, moon, stars and sky are unchangeable; if they could speak, or give us records, what tales they could tell, of nations dead, languages extinct, and countries depopulated! Nothing but man and his works change.

In many countries, and especially in Scotland, it was an ancient custom to pile heaps of stones over the tombs of the dead. Various authors assign various reasons for this: it is not our office now to investigate these. From this practice it was, and is still, a saying in Scotland, when one person asks a favor from another, or for a favor conferred, "I will add a stone to your cairn"—In modern days, many of these mounds have been removed, and the tombs examined; various pieces of armor, bones, &c. have been found therein. Who was the sleepers? history is silent—even echo is dead.

The stars sleep in their tombs of light, the sun and moon in theirs of darkness; by the revolution of the earth they re-appear—man, once in his tomb, nothing can re-animate him.

Where is Charlemagne? The print of his large hand may be found on records still, but where is the hand?

Where are the Syracusians, whose friendship was as strong as the fabled Trojan two, which Dionysius begged to share? Where are they?

Poetry is a description of animated, or external nature, told in impassioned, figurative, natural and harmonious language. If poetry be so deep and metaphysical, that to understand the ideas, the reader's attention is abstracted from the verse, it will not only materially affect the popularity, but also the real merit of the performance, for most people desire to understand and receive pleasure from a poem with as little exercise of thought as possible. Poetry, therefore, should be expressed in clear and concise language.

Poetry is natural to man, even from childhood; our earliest pastimes, are more or less described, or expressed in rhyme, and even in mature years, there are few indeed, who do not delight in its harmonious numbers.

Forced and unnatural verse, is seldom mistaken for genuine poetry; there is an inherent feeling in the human breast, that distinguishes between the two; yet smooth versification, covering trite and imbecile thoughts, is some times by superficial observers mistaken for good poetry.

Bombastic and verbose lines, by the unskilful are often accounted great flights of the author, while the judicious look upon them, with a smile of contempt, and pity the vain aspirations of an inharmonious soul. It oftentimes happens, too, that false figures, and ill applied metaphors, pass current, for few people take the pains to scan minutely or criticise closely; many read a work

more for the sake of killing time, than seeking for instruction, and if a pleasant impression remains on their mind, they applaud the work; if unpleasant, it is condemned. Authors often find friends or foes according to the humor in which readers peruse their work.

There is nothing so beautiful in poetry as well applied personifications, and by our first order of writers are often beautifully introduced: they are to a poem what figures are to a landscape. The scenery of a landscape may challenge nature in the tints of the foliage, and the shading of earth and sky, in exact keeping with the time of day, or hue of the clouds, yet without figures it looks inanimate; so the judicious critic always observes something wanting in that poem devoid of personifications. Abstract personifications, however, are neither so beautiful nor so pleasing as material.

New-York Theatre.—This place of public amusement continues to attract respectable houses. On New-Year's night it was crowded to excess, to witness Mr. Barrett's Vapid, in Reynold's play of the Dramatist. In the active, bustling characters of comedy, Mr. Barrett stands without a rival in this city. On Tuesday, Mr. Forrest appeared in *Damon*—this is one of his most successful efforts: his fourth act is one of the finest pieces of performance we have yet witnessed at this theatre; but it is unnecessary for us to enter into a minute critique on his personation of this character:—it has been so often performed, that there are few of our city readers who have not seen him in it, and by their own feelings can judge better of his merits than by any notice of ours.

On Wednesday evening, a fashionable and crowded house were present to testify their respect for Mr. Forrest's genius, who, that evening, performed *Richard III.* for his benefit. Than this, there is probably no character in the whole range of the drama more arduous, and few actors have succeeded in embodying Shakspeare's admirable portraiture. Cooke is still fresh in the memory of our theatre-going public, and Kean was here but as yesterday. With the unrivalled conceptions of these great actors on our minds, it was a daring flight in Mr. Forrest to select this tragedy.

We have neither time nor space, at present, to enter into a minute critique, and therefore will content ourselves with some general remarks.—We cannot, in justice, say that Mr. Forrest succeeded; neither did he entirely fail. It was a performance combining more faults and more beauties than we ever saw before. Now he soared high, even overstepping all his former efforts, and again he sunk to perfect tameness.

His conception was original, save in one or two instances, that we observed, for a moment, a likeness of the master spirit of the age. Many of his readings were new, though not always, to our mind, correct. Perhaps his most unsuccessful,

was in the scene where he had killed King Henry, he read in a melancholy and sorrowful tone, "I am myself—alone."

Now, Richard was born in man's despite: he possessed neither pity, love, nor fear; ambition was his theme, and to wear the crown, he defied all laws, human and divine. He was not like Macbeth,—he had no "compunctious visitings," but breasted boldly on in his imperial march: he repented of nothing. He did not himself, nor would he allow others to, look into his actions with a "thinking eye"—and thus was his course till the final scene, when his dream appalled him for a moment. In this we award all praise to Mr. Forrest; it was entirely new, and in our opinion correct. The effect of his last scenes was entirely destroyed by Richmond—we will not say why nor wherefore—but it was so.

Whatever we may have thought of Mr. Forrest's genius before, he has not lowered himself in our esteem, and, as we said before, though he did not entirely succeed, we are free to say he did himself no discredit.

When the curtain fell, Mr. Forrest was loudly called for from all parts of the house, and after a few moments pause, to recruit himself from his arduous exertions, he appeared, and in a neat, appropriate and judicious speech, addressed the audience.

Mr. Forrest has proceeded to Albany, and probably will visit Boston. He has our best wishes for his success.

Signorina Garcia.—The manager of the New-York Theatre, ever anxious to please the public, has engaged this accomplished vocalist to sing a few evenings in English Operas, at a very great expense; in consequence an alteration in the prices of admission, on the evening that she appears is necessary; we are sure there is not one in the whole community will object to this. We hope the enterprising manager will meet with a liberal reward for his unremitting exertions to please the public.

Revolutionary Soldiers.—So often have we alluded to the gallant spirits who made us freemen, that were it not for the soul-harrowing reflection that our national escutcheon must be blackened by accursed ingratitude, and posterity be caused to weep over the fallen greatness of their ancestors, we would never name the subject again. We would not touch it, because he that dwells upon this theme and possesses a heart, may fret his imagination till his brain becomes phrenzied, and all to no purpose. We are safe in the enjoyment of the estate which the noble hearts tugged for, and why should we nurse the tottering remnants of that legion of iron-nerved fathers who waded in blood to meet the battle-axe of tyranny, and festered, naked, cold and hungry, in the field and in chains, to obtain this our inheritance? Their spirits are fretted and galled, their health impaired, their hearts nearly broken, and they are fast withering under the frosts of old age: they are

but the mere wreck of what they were, and therefore whistle them off, take a glass of wine, and let us be comfortable. Thus have the constituted authorities of our country closed the old and entered upon the new year.

It appears that prosperity has destroyed the noble principles sought to be instilled in our minds, and that we have forgotten those whom we are bounden by every human tie to love, honor and protect. A father says—my son, I taught you better things; endeavored to enrich your mind with the noble precepts of virtue; but you have disregarded my care and instructions, and become selfish and ungrateful. Father is in his second childhood, says the son; has become poor, lame and weak, and because I won't support him, he accuses me of ingratitude. So say an American congress to their fathers: you have given us a deed of this land, sealed with your blood, and you have erected this house for us, and we will eat, drink and be merry; but father, for your bread and wine, go you to the God who sent you hither with these blessings: you can no longer serve us.

The holy-days are over, and congress may now, if they will, wipe a stain upon our country which else will cover it with disgrace. It would be useless to enter from a discussion on the subject; we would simply hint at it, that it may not be forgotten.

ÆROSTATION.

Narrative of the Eighth Ascension of Eugene Robertson.—CONCLUDED.

PART SECOND.

I found my aerial vessel exactly as I had left it, and having resumed my place, and dismissed, with many thanks, all those who had contributed to keep her safe at anchor, I re-ascended at a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, with a great velocity.

My object in performing this second ascension, was to make several experiments and observations, which, if I must be sincere, it had not been in my power, in my preceding voyage, to make with that steady, undisturbed, and serious attention, which grave philosophical subjects require. The night had closed. I had with me one of Davy's lamps, for the loan of which I was indebted to Dr. McNevin: but I did not think proper to use it, as the brilliancy of the stars enabled me plainly to distinguish the smallest marks on my instrument, and as, for another reason, I was afraid that its light would hinder me from distinguishing the objects around me. The wind continuing to be due east, I pursued the same course as before, and what had previously happened did again take place; I mean, that the small balloons having less ascensive force than the large one, hung behind; and as my balloon had grown much lighter,

by the subtraction of the weight of my former companion, they sometimes declined directly under me; or if my ascension diminished they appeared to be in a great agitation, striking sometimes my boat, and sometimes the balloon. This last circumstance gave me some uneasiness; and, being afraid that those strokes might prove prejudicial, I took my knife, and watched an opportunity when they approached to cut them open. I succeeded to cut two in that way, and as one had already burst in the first ascension, there remained but one that could give me any uneasiness, but this one I could never reach. Being, however, clear of the most troublesome, I began my contemplated experiments.

The barometar was at twenty-six inches two lines, about eighteen hundred and thirty French feet. The thermometer of Reaumur was at seven degrees above zero; and the thermometer of Fahrenheit at forty-eight degrees. Saussure's hygrometer was only fifty-four degrees. My elevation was about three hundred and five rods, or as I have said eighteen hundred and thirty French feet. It was then eighteen minutes past seven o'clock, and three minutes accordingly had elapsed since I had left the earth. The rapidity of my ascension, far from diminishing, seemed to increase; a circumstance which it has been as yet difficult to explain with precision. The horizontal course which I was pursuing, moved as I was by the wind, did not appear to be very quick, though it will hereafter appear I was moving at a speed of a mile in seven and a half minutes. The sky was perfectly clear and calm, but I was not high enough to have a good view of the sea. I continued to rise, consulting frequently my barometer to know my altitude, until I had attained the elevation of four thousand feet, which was nineteen hundred and sixty-one feet higher than the round-top hill of Catskill Mountain, which is only three thousand eight hundred and four English feet above the level of the water. The needle of the hygrometer, at that altitude, began to retrograde, indicating dryness, and had moved with difficulty. In fact, there was not a single cloud; the air was cold, and the thermometer had fallen to three of Reaumur above zero, and was at 39 of Fahrenheit. At this degree of altitude, I felt through my whole system a state of comfort, much superior to any I had felt on earth. The air I breathed was much purer, and disengaged from all the deleterious particles, which more or less impreg-

nate it nearer the surface of the globe, from which I anticipate, that a day will come, when the most valuable part of physic called hygienna, or the art of preserving the health, would derive from the improvement of aërostation the means of relieving many infirmities, by the beneficial changes of air, which that new mode of travelling will facilitate. I believe it sincerely, and I imagine, farther, that aërostation will create in the art of healing a new branch that will be called aërology. It is well known, in corroboration of that opinion, that Franklin recommended highly air baths, and nobody is ignorant of the wonderful influence of air on our system, and of the important part it acts in the support of life. The first breath begins life—the last closes our existence.

The body of air which moved with me, was remarkable for its perfect and uniform calm state. There was neither opposite currents nor whirls, ascending or descending: a fact that I could ascertain, by the means of a long pendant, fastened to a silk, six feet long, fixed to my boat, and which I used as my log or floater. My father, Professor Robertson, had used one like mine in the ascension he made at St. Petersburg, for scientific purposes, with the Imperial Academician, Sackaroff; with this single difference that mine was of baudruche, a thin skin, drawn from the entrails of animals, and theirs of paper. This aerial log is also useful, to show very sensibly, and much quicker than the barometer, if you ascend or descend. While I was making these observations, I felt again in my ears a small noise, or humming, reported in the first part of this narrative.

The calm which I have mentioned, is not so common during the day. It seems to depend in a great measure, if not entirely, on the action which the rays of the sun, or its caloric, communicate to the air: or, from a kind of refraction, operating on the masses of the air. Mr. Humboldt has observed the same effect, and says, during the day, the strata of the air assumed an inclined position, similar to angles of twenty, thirty, and forty degrees, while at night, they are almost always horizontal and parallel, the one above the other. He attributed that effect to the rays of the sun, passing through the strata of air.

Every one has been able to observe, that at night any kind of noise or sound is heard more distinctly than in the day. It is generally attributed to the silence of the night, but it is an error to believe that it proceeds from that cause alone. If you are in the

country, in the most retired place, every thing is as quiet and still in the day as at night; and still the sound is there also communicated more distinctly at night than in the day. There is then another cause, and that cause seems to be, that the propagation of the sound is more perfect when the air is calm, without oscillation, and when all its strata are parallel, the one above the other. I have heard at night, the sound of a fiddle, in the open air, at more than four or five hundred rods, about half a mile. One of my friends, who practises physic in New-York, has assured me, that being in Switzerland, he had made the same observation, on the sound produced by a fall of water, which at night was very distinct, and in the day could hardly be heard. The same gentleman has also observed, that when clouds intercept the rays of the sun, he could hear the noise of the fall as distinctly as at night; but that as soon as the sun re-appeared, the sound diminished.

In the mean while, as I was ascending more and more, the cold was in proportion increasing. I could plainly see the lighthouse at Sandy Hook; but no light was perceptible from New-York, or any other place. I could also distinguish the sea shore, the main, the Hudson river, and the large masses. At forty minutes past seven o'clock, the barometer had fallen to sixteen inches and a few lines. I then felt a considerable pressure inside of my ears, and maxillary glands. Reaumur's thermometer was then at two degrees below zero, equal to twenty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit: the hygrometer was at thirty degrees, and I seized that moment to make the following experiments:

1. I exposed muriatic acid, concentrated, to the air, and it emitted but very light vapors, because the air having less density, contained less water; while on the surface of the earth, the same acid exposed to the air, was covered with a white vapor, occasioned by a greater dampness. That same experiment was made by M. D'Arcet, a celebrated French philosopher, on the top of the high mountain called Le Pic du Midy. At the moment I made the experiment above mentioned, the hygrometer was at twenty-five degrees: the term of an absolute dryness in the air. My lips were then very dry, the air absorbing their dampness incessantly. This experiment, and the other experiments made before, prove conclusively, that the compressed air, which is the nearest to the surface of the earth, contains much more dampness than

the dilated air, which occupies the upper regions.

2. Having reached an altitude of three thousand five hundred and thirty rods, or twenty-one thousand feet, the thermometer of Reaumur having fallen to four degrees below the freezing point, and Fahrenheit being at twenty-one degrees, I took a decanter, which had remained perfectly well corked during the whole voyage, with a glass stopper, ground, and which contained calcined potash. I opened it, and being exposed to the air, the potash did not seem to draw any dampness: it remained perfectly dry and pulverized; while, on the surface of the earth, it would have melted down in a state of deliquescence. But what is the real cause of that dryness? The caloric does not seem to have any share in it, since it diminishes in proportion to our elevation in the atmosphere. Is it the sensible caloric, reflected by the earth, which heats the atmosphere around its surface; and are the upper regions deprived of latent caloric, by the extreme dilatation of the air, and the scarcity of oxygen, which is in proportion to the density of the air, and not of its volume? I do not undertake to answer these questions, which I only submit to chymists.

3. I had supplied myself with the instrument called the Magdebourg Hemispheres, in which a vacuum had been made, with as much precision as our pneumatic machines allow it. I endeavored to separate them, and could not succeed. But what I can affirm is, that on the earth it takes five seconds to re-introduce the air into them, and that where I was, one single second has been sufficient: and it must farther be observed, that when I was not more elevated than the half of the diminution of the atmospheric pressure. My respiration became extremely painful; it occasioned an inward oppression which seemed to impede all my faculties, and I was obliged frequently to wet my mouth with water. Without the vital air we cannot in reality live. Man, at such a height, is like a fish out of the water. Drawn out of his native medium, he feels immediately death approaching, and the principle of life would effectually be extinguished, if he did not return to a stratum more dense, and more congenial with his organization. It is for that reason that Hippocrates hath said, "aer pabulum vite," (air is the support of life.)

The cold, in addition to the scarcity of air, became almost insufferable, notwithstanding all the precautions I had taken to

avoid its effects, which I felt particularly at the extremity of my hands. I stood in my boat in an erect position, holding myself with the left hand to one of the long poles, which formed a cross above the hoop, and that piece of wood had become so cold, that it might have been taken for a bar of iron. I perceived it only after it had drawn a great quantity of caloric from my hand, which occasioned a state of torpidity, followed by a cramp. Unable, however, to give up my hold, I was obliged to change, from time to time, the hand with which I held that frigid pole, and restore to the hand that was not in duty some caloric, by putting it in my pocket. I remember to have read, in a philosophical repository, that on the top of the high hills, seldom shaded by clouds, and deprived of the direct rays of the sun, permanent regions of snow and ice are invariably found. Is it not clear, then, that if heat was produced by the rays of the sun alone, on the surface of the earth, the greatest degree of heat would be felt in situations analogous to the top of high mountains, where the direction of those rays is uninterrupted? But far from it. The comparative facts above reported, demonstrate the lowerment of temperature in the upper regions.

4. I weighed, with an accurate steelyard, several substances which had been weighed before on the earth, with the same instrument, and I found that they had not the same weight. Some of them had lost one half, such as the spongy bodies, namely, cork, cloth, and sponges; but the bodies whose particles had more cohesion, such as wood, paper, pasteboards, and metals, had lost less of their weight.

5. A drop of sulphuric ether placed on the objective glass of my telescope was entirely evaporated in four and a half seconds; an experiment which coincides nearly with one made at a similar altitude by my father at Hamburg, the 18th of July, 1801. No one before him had attempted to raise himself so high for the purpose of making philosophical experiments.

6. Having taken with me an electrical apparatus and instruments, and done every thing requisite to obtain electricity, I could not succeed: and still it is believed that the electrical fluid abounds in the upper regions.

7. I had contemplated to make an experiment on the newly discovered electro magnetism; but, to my great regret, I could not realize that object; as I was going to put the small bucket in operation, I discovered that inadvertently I had taken a

bottle containing nothing but water in the room of one which contained water saturated with ammonia.

I was compelled to stop here my experiments, the cold having almost chilled me through. I opened the valve in order to lower myself, being unable any longer to stand the altitude to which I had raised myself, much above the highest mountains in America, and nominally the Chimborazo, which according to Humboldt is 3267 rods high. As soon as I had opened the valve, my floater showed that I was descending, and the barometer confirmed it by rising. It was then eight o'clock. Nine minutes after I observed luminous points scattered through the country, which I took for dwelling houses. I secured all my instruments, in order to protect them in case of accident, and then hung to a rope a bag of sand, in order to guard against a fall if it was too violent. I traversed several strata of the atmosphere less rarified than those above, but still very cold. I diminished the rapidity of my descent by throwing off some of my ballast. As soon as I found that I was not more than two hundred rods distant from the earth, I hallooed as hard as I could for help, and to my great pleasure, I saw a number of persons run towards me from several directions. Judging, by that circumstance, that I had approached a friendly place, I concluded to terminate there my voyage, which I would have continued through the greater part of the night, had not the cold prevented it. At fifteen minutes past eight I landed in a cornfield already gathered. Every one seemed anxious to assist me; and on inquiring where I was, I found that the place of my landing was called Westfield, eight miles distant from Elizabethtown, and twenty-seven from New-York. Having since cast up my accounts, I have found, that when I was thinking that I moved slow, I was travelling at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile in seven and a half minutes, or one hundred and twenty-six rods in one minute; equal to seven hundred sixty-one feet, two inches, four lines, nine points, and three-fifths of a point, French measure.

It took me about two hours to empty my balloon, fold it up, and secure all the appendages, being zealously assisted in my operations by the worthy inhabitants of the village. I spent the night at the house of Mr. Crane, and the next morning departed for Elizabethtown, where I took up Miss M'C***, and on the eleventh, at about one

o'clock, P. M. we arrived in New-York, where many of our friends had begun to feel some uneasiness on account of our delay.

If, in these two ascensions, I have not been able to collect more facts deserving to be inscribed on the records of philosophy, it is entirely owing to the circumstances above reported, which compelled me to return much sooner than I had intended to a more temperate atmosphere; but the little I have observed may lead, hereafter, to more important results.

VIEWS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF AEROSTATION.

The science of aerostation was at first discredited, like many other discoveries; and though the most brilliant experiments have attested its importance, it continues to have many detractors, who not only refuse to admit its utility, but also its perfectibility. The want of faith in that vast acquisition in the dominion of air, is to be attributed either to a want of knowledge, or to an indolent scepticism, or to an unfortunate propensity to criticise rather than to promote what may be useful. Franklin, the pride of America as a philosopher, a moralist, and a statesman, was very far from entertaining any doubt on the advantages that aerostation would offer to mankind. He was present at the first aerostatic experiment made at Versailles, by the celebrated Montgolfier, and, having witnessed its success, he remarked, in his usual plain and expressive way, "this discovery may be compared to an infant just born: it must receive a good education, and it will be great." The opinion of such a man overbalances thousands of dissenting voices; and to follow his ingenious comparison, it may be anticipated, by what this child of philosophy has already done, what changes he will operate in our manners, and above all, in our knowledge, when he has attained the age of maturity; that is, when man, raised above the clouds, will ride with ease and comfort through the ethereal regions, and view every thing in nature under a new aspect. In the unimproved state of this science, interesting facts in aerometry, meteorology, electricity, the statics of fluids, and other branches of science, have already been obtained; the art of war, during the French revolution, has also received from it, at Fleurus, Mantua, and other places, the most essential services; and had Montgolfier, Guiton Morveau, Marshal Ney, and other promoters of the aerostatic science, lived longer, many other arts and sciences would have been benefitted by the

new power which the first of these illustrious men had found, and which the others have endeavored to improve. Since their death, aerostation, unassisted by the governments of Europe, involved in the most destructive wars, has made but little progress. It has been in some measure abandoned to a few experimenters, who have barely drawn from it their support, without being able to promote the science itself; and the *magnum disideratum* of aerostation, the art of navigating the air without being at the mercy of that fluid, has not yet been acquired by actual experiment.

My father, professor of experimental philosophy at Paris, and known by his numerous ascensions in every part of Europe, has devoted considerable attention to the propulsion of balloons, and has proved that those machines, if they were supplied with a force acting upon the air, could be propelled in a given direction; he has made an ingenious experiment to demonstrate that fact, and all the citizens of Paris have seen in his lecture room a small mechanism, the spring of which, being wound, moved obliquely a set of oars which propelled a small aerostat. This fact, well authenticated, is very important, and strengthens the scientific theory lately published by Mr. Edmond Charles Genet, corresponding member of the Institute of France in the United States, on the means of propelling aerostats, and converting them into the real aerial vessels or aeronauts.

I have read with attention Mr. Genet's *Memorial on the upward forces of fluids*,* containing that application, among others, of the aerostatic power to the navigation of the air, and I do not hesitate to say, that his plans and his calculations appear to be grounded on correct philosophical and mechanical principles, and that I do not see why the execution of his aeronaut should not resolve the problem which has so long remained undetermined, on the practicability of moving and steering aerostatic machines through the air with a self-created force, instead of being, as they now are, the sport of the winds. Indeed, I am so much convinced of the correctness of the idea of combining into one undivided system, ascension, propulsion, and steerage, as nature has combined them in the fishes, that for the advancement of the aerostatic science, which has been my favorite study and occupation since my youth, I have pressed Mr. Genet not to let his plans lay dormant, and to do every thing in his power, by his own exertions and the concurrent

effort of the friends of science, to excite the citizens of the United States to achieve *once more* for the useful arts, what Europe has left unfinished: they have first applied the steam power to the navigation of the waters—let them now apply the aerostatic power to the real navigation of the air. This double conquest will spread an immortal fame on their national character, and if a subscription or a lottery could facilitate the execution of such a splendid object, I am confident, by what I have seen and experienced of the patriotism and liberality of the American citizens, that an ample fund could in a short time be raised to insure the success of that majestic undertaking. Parsimony in this case would be fatal: it has hitherto been the cause of the slow progress of aerostation, no experiment having yet been made on a sufficient scale to apply operative machinery to the aerostats.

Indispensable engagements oblige me this winter to visit New-Orleans and Mexico, but I intend to return to New-York, within six months; and if, in the mean while, arrangements were made by the friends of science to provide for the execution of the contemplated experiment, I have agreed with Mr. Genet, and I pledge myself here, to devote the practical experience that I have acquired in aerostation to the execution and management of an American aeronaut.

EUGENE ROBERTSON.

New-York, Dec. 7, 1826.

MISCELLANY.

AN INDIAN FOREST.

An Indian forest, says Mr. Forbes, is a scene the most picturesque that can be imagined; the trees seem perfectly animated; the fantastic monkeys give life to the stronger branches; and the weaker sprays wave over your head, charged with vocal and various plumed inhabitants. It is an error to say that nature hath denied melody to the birds of hot climates, and formed them only to please the eye with their gaudy plumage. Ceylon abounds with birds equal in song to those of Europe, which warble among the leaves of trees, grotesque in their appearance, and often loaded with the most delicious and salubrious fruit. Birds of the richest colors cross the glades, and troops of peacocks complete the charms of the scene, spreading their plumes to a sun that has ample power to do them justice. The landscape in many parts of India corresponds with the beauties of the animate creation. The moun-

tains are lofty, steep and broken; but clothed with forests, enlivened with cataracts, of a grandeur and figure unknown to this part of the globe.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.

Scacazzone, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But, resolving not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and, appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without in the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and eat and drank every thing of the best. When he had at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me any thing relating to the laws of this place?" "Oh, yes, signor, I dare say;" for a waiter is never at a loss. "For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?" "His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter. "But if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?" "Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury." "And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal a fellow a sound box upon the ear, what do you pay for that?" "For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor; no more." "Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone, "be quick, begone!" Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that, on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff. "I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand, "this is all I wanted with you; truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right."

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